

J. C. MARTIN, Editor and Prop'r.

Men who spell state with a big S and nation with a little n are again making themselves heard in the land.

The throttling of the anti-Gorman democratic sentiment in Maryland gave Mr. Cleveland another spasm of disappointment.

The Colorado war has apparently closed without bloodshed. The sheepmen weakened on their proposition to drive through the country forbidden them by the cattle men.

Mr. Cleveland's reprimand of Admiral Meade has been highly praised by the English papers, but even the cuckoo organs over here have been ashamed to defend it.

Judging by the reports of the speeches made to the democratic editors of New York, it might be supposed that somebody was afraid of the spread of free coinage sentiment among them.

Postmaster General Wilson upended himself to remark that he was always opposed to the income tax and only allowed it to be tacked on his tariff bill because he couldn't help himself.

"The Coming Woman" and "The New Woman" is becoming a decidedly stale subject for illustration and alleged humorous paragraphs. Several papers of considerable prominence continue to use the skeletons however of what was once considered a good joke.

Navajo county holds her first election to-morrow, for the purpose of definitely locating the county seat. While the Journal-Miner has no interest whatever in the selection, it is clearly of the opinion that as a matter of justice Holbrook is the proper place. If it is not selected the argument used for the formation of the new county will go for naught.

The Fallacy of Lost Mines.

When it comes to lost mines Arizona is strictly in it and everything from cellar to garret goes. A few days since the Citizen man remarked a trick overlooked; that California had made a scoop on the Lost Horse mine and Arizona was in the soup of departed greatness, but on being reminded by the Phoenix Herald that the land of the horned toad and the coon was still in it and that the "Lost Jackass" exceeded the wealth of the Indies we pass and add the "Barn door" to the territorial treasury.

The Santa Catalina range, one of the grandest and most sublime of the great upheavals in southern Arizona is the home of Lost mines. Within its mysterious and labyrinthine depths the legends of the past have roared and radiated. Here romance and reality were conceived and born, the Lost mine has its home and over it the gaunt spectre of the past, holds its unceasing watch.

The lost mines in Arizona are as ubiquitous as the lost tribes of Israel. They exist in story and song, they are the ignis fatuus of the gold seeker, and Jack O'Lantern like, have lured many a brave man to his grave. The end is still far off for the legend of hidden gold never dies. Bright as the morning sun that glids Mount Lemons peaks or dips in the golden west, they can be had for the mere finding, but like death in Hamlet's famous soliloquy "there's the rub." The complications and desert dangers in Kipling's King Solomon's mines have been laughed to scorn a thousand times in Arizona, and voyages more fraught with peril than Jayson's quest for the Golden Fleece have not wanted for men to do and dare and die.

The hypnotic influence of "lost mines" has ever run through from their blood as lightning leaps through air. With fascinating glitter the legends of the past gleam and glisten in the sun. The more distant, the more hazardous the pathway to the golden goal the more determined and heroically it is sought. "I dare do all that others may do who dare do more is none," has been exemplified without end by Arizonians. Disappointed ever but discouraged never, while the lamp of life continues to flicker and burn. Like the "Old Guard" at Waterloo "they die but never surrender" the idea of lost mines and their ultimate discovery. But the search is never done. Some cautions must be re-explored, some again climbed: a pathless and waterless waste must be again crossed ledges re-examined, new dangers faced and death again braved.

When the mania for finding a lost mine once fairly takes possession of a prospector his whole heart and soul is centered on the one unsatisfied desire. Youth and strength are frittered away in the hopeless quest and when the last ditch of life has been reached and he can no longer brave the rigors of the hills, they besom their fate and curse their grizzled age. "If," said one within the hearing of the writer, not a week ago, "if I had a little more time in there I know I could have found it, but Bill was killed by the Indians. Tom got crazy for water and died and I had to get out, but I know it's there," and so the thousands lost mine story has been told.

Occasionally a "find" is made but it brings no lasting joy. The fabulously rich "Barn Door" mine of the Santa Catalinas has been discovered, so many people think, but even the identity of this is in dispute. Some miners who have examined it declare it to be nothing but a natural rift in the face of a great bluff made in one of nature's throes when the world was new, but others, good men and experienced miners too, can see in the cavernous opening in the rock the handiwork of the ancient goldseeker, and all agree that, so far as rich mineral is concerned, there is nothing in it. But this will not deter men from

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
Makes Perfect Made.

braving any dangers in a hopeless quest which there is no end. Evidence of former towns are plentifully scattered throughout the fastnesses of the Santa Catalinas, and the ruins of arastras, where the Aztec or Jesuit slave once crushed his ore, are numerous, and these appeal strongly to the vices of the past, but by whose hands they were wrought and worked or from whence came the glittering gold they sought is a mystery shrouded in the dim uncertainty of the past, and which time with its erosive hand is ever thickening.—Tucson Citizen.

AN EXPERT ON CREDIT.

He Makes \$20,000 a Year by Giving Advice to Four Big Firms.

A well dressed, sharp eyed man entered the office of one of the biggest jobbing houses in New York the other day and said to the head of the firm, a man worth many millions:

"Mr. —, I want to get a report on the credit of John Jones of Waukegan."

The merchant touched a button which summoned the chief bookkeeper.

"I want you," he said, "to allow Mr. — to examine our account with John Jones of Waukegan since he began trading here."

The visitor went out with the bookkeeper, and for an hour thereafter was looking over the books. He made a written statement from them showing when and under what conditions John Jones had opened his account, the number of times he had purchased goods, the dates of shipping and payment and such other details as would appear in the accounts of a mercantile house. Then he went back to the office of the head of the firm and asked some further questions about Mr. Jones, which the merchant, although very busy, promptly answered. Finally he saw the salesman who had waited on Jones and had a confidential talk with him, so that when he left the store he knew all about this great firm could tell about Jones and his financial standing.

Information of this sort is the most difficult to obtain from any merchant, and the books of this particular firm are especially hard to get at. In fact, with the exception of this one man, no one except members of the firm and the bookkeeper ever has access to them, not even the heads of departments. The explanation of this one outsider's privilege lies in the character of his business. He is engaged in protecting four of the leading jobbing houses of the United States, of which the firm referred to is one, from bad debts. California had made a scoop on the Lost Horse mine and Arizona was in the soup of departed greatness, but on being reminded by the Phoenix Herald that the land of the horned toad and the coon was still in it and that the "Lost Jackass" exceeded the wealth of the Indies we pass and add the "Barn door" to the territorial treasury.

The Santa Catalina range, one of the grandest and most sublime of the great upheavals in southern Arizona is the home of Lost mines. Within its mysterious and labyrinthine depths the legends of the past have roared and radiated. Here romance and reality were conceived and born, the Lost mine has its home and over it the gaunt spectre of the past, holds its unceasing watch.

The lost mines in Arizona are as ubiquitous as the lost tribes of Israel. They exist in story and song, they are the ignis fatuus of the gold seeker, and Jack O'Lantern like, have lured many a brave man to his grave. The end is still far off for the legend of hidden gold never dies. Bright as the morning sun that glids Mount Lemons peaks or dips in the golden west, they can be had for the mere finding, but like death in Hamlet's famous soliloquy "there's the rub." The complications and desert dangers in Kipling's King Solomon's mines have been laughed to scorn a thousand times in Arizona, and voyages more fraught with peril than Jayson's quest for the Golden Fleece have not wanted for men to do and dare and die.

The hypnotic influence of "lost mines" has ever run through from their blood as lightning leaps through air. With fascinating glitter the legends of the past gleam and glisten in the sun. The more distant, the more hazardous the pathway to the golden goal the more determined and heroically it is sought. "I dare do all that others may do who dare do more is none," has been exemplified without end by Arizonians. Disappointed ever but discouraged never, while the lamp of life continues to flicker and burn. Like the "Old Guard" at Waterloo "they die but never surrender" the idea of lost mines and their ultimate discovery. But the search is never done. Some cautions must be re-explored, some again climbed: a pathless and waterless waste must be again crossed ledges re-examined, new dangers faced and death again braved.

When the mania for finding a lost mine once fairly takes possession of a prospector his whole heart and soul is centered on the one unsatisfied desire. Youth and strength are frittered away in the hopeless quest and when the last ditch of life has been reached and he can no longer brave the rigors of the hills, they besom their fate and curse their grizzled age. "If," said one within the hearing of the writer, not a week ago, "if I had a little more time in there I know I could have found it, but Bill was killed by the Indians. Tom got crazy for water and died and I had to get out, but I know it's there," and so the thousands lost mine story has been told.

Occasionally a "find" is made but it brings no lasting joy. The fabulously rich "Barn Door" mine of the Santa Catalinas has been discovered, so many people think, but even the identity of this is in dispute. Some miners who have examined it declare it to be nothing but a natural rift in the face of a great bluff made in one of nature's throes when the world was new, but others, good men and experienced miners too, can see in the cavernous opening in the rock the handiwork of the ancient goldseeker, and all agree that, so far as rich mineral is concerned, there is nothing in it. But this will not deter men from

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
Makes Perfect Made.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
Makes Perfect Made.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder
Makes Perfect Made.

THE LATEST NEWS

The Reavis Land Case.

SANTA FE, N. M., June 10.—There will be no delay in the trial of the Reavis land grant claim, but it will proceed to-morrow and a final decision will be reached that will remove the cloud from the domain embraced in the alleged grant. Reavis this morning upon the opening of court appeared in person and made a strong plea for a continuance. He talked eloquently for twenty minutes during which he denounced the government lawyers and agents and alleged that his witnesses were under the hypnotic influence of the government lawyers. Attorneys Reynolds and Prevost, for the government, replied and demanded an immediate trial. The court retired for consultation and shortly returned a decision to proceed with the case to-morrow. Reavis is almost a mad man in his desperation.

Senator Martin Don't Want It.

TOPICKA, Kas., June 10.—Ex-Senator John Martin returned from the Pacific coast to-day, after a two months' trip through Utah, Arizona and California.

When shown the special dispatch from Washington in the Kansas City Journal this morning, which spoke of him as a candidate for the office of governor of Arizona, Mr. Martin said, that he had no thought of such a thing. He was not a candidate and his aspirations did not run in that direction. He added that Governor Hughes would be removed, as special agents from Washington had been investigating his conduct as governor of Arizona and had reported adversely to him.

Scared About the Dam.

DENVER, June 10.—News from Monument, Colo., says that great alarm is felt by the inhabitants of that place over the condition of the reservoir filled to the brim, and it is rumored that the dam is in an unsafe condition. The reservoir covers seventy-two acres, and should it break a rich agricultural valley below would be swept by the rushing waters for many miles, doing great damage to life and property.

Don't Like the Judiciary.

OMAHA, June 10.—At a mass meeting held here to-night, the following resolution was adopted: "Resolved, that we, the workmen of Omaha, in mass meeting assembled, denounce the action of the court as arbitrary and unjust, and calculated to destroy the confidence of the masses in the integrity of the judiciary of the United States."

Murdered Missionaries.

LONDON, June 10.—A special dispatch from Shanghai says that it is almost certain that a massacre of all persons connected with the English, French and American missionaries at Cheng Tu has occurred. Neither men, women nor children have been spared, according to the report. It is admitted that telegrams have been intercepted by the government and the object being to conceal the news of the massacre. A French gunboat is en route to Wuen-Chang to investigate the report.

The Stanford Suit.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 10.—In the United States court to-day Judge John Garber concluded his argument in favor of the demurrer of Mrs. Stanford. He contended that under the acts of 1862 and 1864, there was no provision that the stockholders of the Central Pacific should be personally liable for the payment of United States bonds. That those bonds should be paid, he contended, was a condition of the bill. It was not a contract—only a condition. A decision is expected in about a fortnight.

The Engine Run Away.

LOANSPOUT, Ind., June 9.—A passenger engine while standing in the Panhandle yards without any person on board, ran away to-day. Only for the promptness of a switchman, who threw it on a siding, the engine would have struck a passenger train. As it was it collided with a switch engine, killing Fred Schulz, the engineer, and badly wounding Pat Gray, a fireman.

Cameron King's Note.

"All Phcenicians of a few years residence in this country," Cameron H. King, was one of the compilers during the fourteenth legislatures of the Revised Statutes of Arizona and was appointed by Governor Zulia to be commissioner of immigration, succeeding Patrick Hamilton and holding office about a year.

King has been practicing law in San Francisco for the past two years, and it would appear he met with financial success. Last Tuesday judgment was secured in a San Francisco court against him by Asa Fisk, a notorious local flybait for \$340 on a promissory note, with interest of \$1,602 and a council fee of \$5. The note was issued March 21, 1890, and King gave his law library as security, on chattel mortgage.

Judge Murphy stated that he gave judgment in the case very much against his will, as he was not in favor of interest at 3 percent a month, compounded monthly. Mr. Fisk made no reply to the criticism, but contentedly walked away with his judgment.—Gazette.

Mining Intelligence.

Mr. M. Feeney, who is one of the best known prospectors in the west, arrived yesterday from India, where news had just been received of one of the most remarkable strikes on record. The story learned by Mr. Feeney and which he is inclined to credit, is that a man named Smith, and his partner discovered wonderfully rich placer ground about 12 miles east of the Cargo Muchacho, where they picked up by hand \$16,000 worth of nuggets in nine days, they having no dry washer and no water to pan it with. Mr. Feeney says that the locality is one of the most dangerous on the whole desert, and that it would be suicidal for any one not familiar with the trail and location of water holes to go there without having competent Indian guides. He is satisfied, though, that the entire range from India to Yuma is rich in gold, and that the story is a very possible and probable one. This find, combined with the McHenry boy's bonanza near India, is likely to boom things on the desert.—Prospector.

Three out of seven of the Daggs' indictments in Phenix have been demurred out of court.

A HUMAN WRECK.

A Somewhat Noted Man Taken to the Phenix Insane Asylum.

On the train for Phenix last night was a passenger whose life has been more of a romance than the most vivid imagination of story writers could depict. He was in charge of Sheriff Kuffner and his destination was the territorial insane asylum.

His name was Patsy Thornton, a name familiar to every sporting man on the Pacific coast, where he was known as the "King of Sports." Thornton ran games in Montana, Colorado and New Mexico and was what is known in gaming parlance as a "high roller." Fortunes were made and lost by him, time and again. In manipulating the box behind the table he placed no limit on his game, and asked for the same privilege if playing.

Numerous stories have been told of the utter recklessness with which he would risk a fortune on a single turn of the cards. While traveling in Europe he is said to have caused consternation to the manager of a roulette game by placing \$40,000 on a single turn of the wheel. Whisky and drugs however at last got the better of him and for the past year or more has been hanging on the "ragged edge," around the saloons here. About ten days ago he was taken to the county hospital for treatment where insanity developed with results as stated above.

SPEEDY ANIMALS.

Several More of Them Arrive Today.

Interest in our big carnival on the Fourth, continues unabated, and in letters from every section of the southwest, people are signifying their intention of coming. To-day several more consignment of animals arrived bringing their animals along: They are Joe Quinlan and Alex Grant of Phenix, the former with "Jimmy Hicks" a three-year old pacer, and "Butcher Boy," a two-year old colt. Mr. Grant brings "Brigolia," the sire of Jerome Hoover's "Nolia," having a trotting record of 2:23, and a running horse of some speed. The above animals will enter for races in their class, and remain until September.

George Loring of Phenix, will arrive next week with three trotters, "Fred S" with a record of 2:30 being among them.

Colonel Roundtree of Albuquerque, is now due with his string of five animals, which are said to be good ones. He will remain all summer.

James Wallace will come from Denver next week with his string of five animals, and says others will follow them.

The new race track in consequence promises to be a very lively locality in sporting affairs, and as some of the horses are very fleet, interest promises to warm up in consequence.

Prescott's Prosperous Progress.

Improvements continue to be the order of the day and the city is extending its limits. E. G. Parker has the frame work up for a handsome cottage in East Prescott south of W. W. Ross' new residence and A. Avery intends shortly to erect a cozy little residence in the same locality. A new house just south of Captain DeWitt's residence, in East Prescott is approaching completion. Engineer Harry Elliott is arranging to build two neat little cottages on Mount Vernon Avenue near Willis street soon. In addition to the new buildings, now in progress in the business part of town, several changes in the old ones are under way. The room occupied by the Arizona Brewery and later as the Headquarters is being remodeled and refitted and will be occupied as a large grocery house. The room occupied at present by C. R. Mar, the insurance man, and E. Voigtlander, the tailor, has been rented by J. Welmer the stationery and book dealer and will be remodeled and modernized by him. Negotiations are also pending with the prospects good for a successful termination for the remodeling of a brick structure on the plaza as a three story hotel.

Roasting for a Railway.

Last Wednesday the citizens of Florence held a meeting for the purpose of promoting the construction to their town of the Santa Fe, Prescott and Phenix railway, the survey of which are now on the plain beyond Mesa, making toward the southeast. About \$2,000 is needed for the final county portion of the survey costs. This amount has been subscribed and now will be collected in. There seems to be fear that the road may take the air line course to Tucson by way of Sacaton or the upper part of the Sacaton mountains, thus leaving Florence out in the cold, and upon this basis the people of Florence are rustling.—Gazette.

Pullman Through to Los Angeles.

Arrangements have been made with the Pullman Palace Car Co., to run a through car once a week, between Los Angeles and Phenix, via the S. F. & P. railroad. The first car will leave Los Angeles on Tuesday June 11th, and reach Phenix Wednesday night, returning from Phenix to Los Angeles Friday morning. This arrangement will continue until further advised. It will be a great convenience to the traveling public and the S. F. & P. company is deserving of credit for its enterprise in securing this service.

A New Hack Man Coming.

John De Witt, one of the best hack men who ever drew a rein in Phenix, left last night for Prescott, where he will engage in business for the summer at least, and if all goes well, there will make his residence. He takes with him a fine hack of the latest make, and a four-in-hand carry-all, and will furnish accommodations to the people of Prescott, as they have never before enjoyed.—Phenix Gazette.

Cattle Shipment.

The cattle shipments from this section this season has been unprecedented in the history of the country and for the first time in several years the range is this year being cleared of superfluous stock, as all the steers in the country are being shipped out.

During the month of May the S. F. & P. railroad shipped over its line 389 car loads of cattle. Fifty cars were shipped from Phenix, 120 from Glendale and 216 from Del Rio. Shipments so far this month amount to about 100 car loads.

THE CANYON WILDCATS.

Big, Fierce Animals That Even Women Hunt in the Sierra Madre.

"Hunting the wildcat is one of the favorite sports in southern California," said Major Sam Garner. "These savage, short tailed prowlers find just the sort of homes they like in the deep canyons of the Sierra Madre. The wildcat of the Sierra Madre's canyons is not to be confounded with the bobcat of the east, for our wildcat is nearly twice as big, bigger yet than the big Canada lynx and fiercer by far. They are hunted on horseback with packs of hounds trained for the purpose. While ordinarily, like the eastern wildcat, this savage cat will not face a fight alone, but will rather sneak about and hide, two of them together will stand their ground and fight to the death, something that rarely comes to them before more than one bound out of a pack has been torn to pieces.

"A wildcat hunt in southern California is generally organized after a rain, for then the scent of the cat is fresher on the trail, and if one chooses to seek his game by the still hunt he can follow the trail easily by the paw marks of the animal in the soft ground. Some old mountaineers profess to prefer a close combat with a mountain lion than with the canyon wildcat of the Sierra Madre.

"I remember one hunt I was on that brought out the qualities of the game in a way that satisfied me that the old hunters weren't far out of the way. The dogs had trailed a cat into a narrow defile in the canyon. One side of the defile was a wall of rock. The other side was covered with a heavy growth of brush. A stream coursed at the bottom of the narrow space. The trail led the dogs into the thick brush on one side of the ravine, and they had scarcely disappeared in the thicket when an immense wildcat leaped out, landed in the creek, crossed it and began to scramble up the wall of rock on the opposite side. In spite of the almost up and down character of the rocks, the animal found foothold in its crevices and on its jagged projections and was scaling the wall magnificently when one of the hunters interrupted her progress with a rifle ball. She was perhaps 40 feet up the side of the defile. Turning with a savage snarl as she felt the wound, she leaped into the air, came down like a meteor, lit on the neck of the broncho the hunter was riding and dismounted the rider instantly. Clinging to the plunging broncho's neck with the long, hooked claws of her fore feet, she sprang and tore him with her frightful hind claws until his breast was laid open in great gashes, from which the blood gushed in streams. This was all done before any one had recovered from the surprise the cat's terrible leap and assault had caused.

"The dogs were the first to go to the broncho's aid. As they dashed upon the savage cat she loosened her hold on the horse and dropped down among the hounds. Before she was killed she had stretched three of them dead at her feet.

"There are wildcat hunting clubs in some places in southern California, and women share in the exciting and often dangerous sport. Some of the best shots of these clubs are among the wives and sweethearts of its members. The trophy of the wildcat hunt is not the brush, for the wildcat has no brush unless the three inches of stump tail that anything but adorns the animal might be called a brush by courtesy. The trophy of the wildcat hunt is the skin. The fur is coarse, but nicely marked and makes a handsome rug. The taking of this trophy is a high honor, and no part of the adornment or decoration of her home does the wildcat hunting woman of southern California exhibit with more pride than the rugs of this animal made from skins taken from cats she has herself slain."—New York Sun.

Fast Train Runs.

Among the very fast special railroad runs we find the following pretty authentic records of performances in the United States, which, so far as I know, have not been equaled in England since a run made on the Great Western in 1848 of 53 miles at 68 miles an hour, and that was not up to the best of those given here: September, 1891, on the New York Central, New York to East Buffalo, 436 miles, at 59.6 miles an hour, including three stops; 1892, same railroad, 211.3 miles at the rate of 72.7 miles an hour, no stops; Pennsylvania railroad, 1891, Jersey City to Washington, 257 miles, 54.3 miles an hour, two stops; New York Central, 1893, 80.4 miles at 68.5 miles an hour, no stops.—Christian Work.

A Charming Difference.

Cannot you teach those about you to write somewhat more purely? I am fastidious. Three days ago I was obliged to correct a friend of mine, a man of fashion, who so far forgot the graces to say of a lady, "I have not often been in her company." Say "presence." We are in the company of men, in the presence of angels and of women.—Lander.

Here is an Opportunity.

Just opened a large select and varied assortment of GENTS' CLOTHING, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, BOOTS AND SHOES, STATIONERY, ETC. We are close buyers, have bought at a time of general business depression, and believe we have the ability, as well as the desire to tell goods lower than our competitors.

We are thankful for the very liberal patronage extended us during the year just passed, and intend to merit a continuance of the same by giving our customers good value for their money.

Call and examine our goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

KELLY & STEPHENS.

Diseases of a Animal is Skillfully and Reasonably Treated.

Office at Fashion Stables.

How is This?

Lemon soda and Lemon the watchmaker, both at Briley's drug store, and both of the best quality material furnished while being worked under bond or lease.

Notice.

To whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that my undivided one half interest in the "Columbia" mine will not be responsible for any debts contracted while being worked under bond or lease.

Warning Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the Annulet mine will not be responsible for any debts contracted while being worked under bond or lease.

Notice.

The Silver Plume mine, in the Tiger district will not be responsible for any debts contracted while being worked under bond or lease.

Notice.

The Silver Plume mine, in the Tiger district will not be responsible for any debts contracted while being worked under bond or lease.

Notice.

The Silver Plume mine, in the Tiger district will not be responsible for any debts contracted while being worked under bond or lease.

Warning Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the Annulet mine will not be responsible for any debts contracted while being worked under bond or lease.

CREST Comfort Economy Durability
\$2.00 AND \$3.00 FOR MEN AND WOMEN
BOYS, \$2.00. YOUTHS, \$1.75.
CHILDREN'S, \$1.25. MISSES, \$1.50.



SOLD BY
D.J. Sullivan & Co.
PRESCOTT, ARIZONA.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

HENRY JOHNSON, Plaintiff,
vs.
THE HENRIETTA MINING AND MILLING COMPANY, a corporation, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an order of sale and decree of foreclosure issued out of the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the Territory of Arizona in and for the County of Yavapai, on the 22nd day of May, 1905, in the above entitled action, wherein Henry Johnson, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree against The Henrietta Mining and Milling Company, a Corporation, defendants I am commanded to sell all the right title and interests of said defendants in and to the following described property to wit:

The mine or mining claim known as the American Flag, notice of location whereof is recorded in the office of the County Recorder of Yavapai county, in book 34 of mines, page 425, to which said location notice, reference is hereby made for more particularity of description. The mine or mining claim known as the Inevitable, notice of location whereof is recorded in the office of the County Recorder of Yavapai, County in book 34 of mines, page 425, to which said notice of location, reference is hereby made for more particularity of description. The mine or mining claim, known as the Yankee Girl, notice of location whereof is recorded in the office of the County Recorder of Yavapai, County, in book 34 of mines, at page 418 and 419, to which said notice of location and the record thereof, reference is hereby made for more particularity of description.

The mine or mining claim known as the Silverton, notice of location whereof is recorded in the office of the County Recorder of Yavapai, County in book 32 of mines, at page 106, to which said location notice and the record thereof reference is hereby made for more particularity of description.

The Trinity mine or mining claim, the notice of location whereof is recorded in the office of the County Recorder of Yavapai, county in book 34 of Mines, at page 385, records of Yavapai county, and to which said records reference is hereby made for more particularity of description.

The mine or mining claim known as the Germania, notice of location whereof is recorded in the office of the county recorder of Yavapai, county in book 38 of Mines, at pages 2 and 6, to which said location notice and the record thereof, reference is hereby made for more particularity of description.

The Henrietta Millsite, notice of location whereof is of record in Book 2 of Millsites, at page 385, records of Yavapai county, and to which said records reference is hereby made for more particularity of description.

Also one 20-stamp quartz mill, together with the engine, boiler, shafting, belts and piping, fixtures, stamps, dies, pipe and belt line connecting the said mill with the steam pump, located on Big Bug creek, and all other machinery, tools, appliances and appliances connected with and appertaining to said quartz mill, together with the buildings enclosing the same, which said quartz mill is situated in and upon the Trinity mining claim.

Also one steam pump, situated on Big Bug creek, together with the engine boiler, pump, fixtures, pipes and all other machinery connected therewith, together with the buildings enclosing the same, which said steam pump is situated in and upon the Henrietta millsite.

Also one steam boiler, together with the engine, boiler, drum, cable, bucket and all other appliances, apparatuses and machinery used in connection therewith, and the buildings enclosing the same. Also the conveyer car track and blacksmith shop, bellows, anvils, tools and fixtures therewith connected, one essay office, with scales and fixtures therewith connected. All being situated on the above described premises and all of said property being situated in the Big Bug mining district, Yavapai county, Arizona Territory.

Notice is hereby given that on

Saturday, the 29th Day of June,

1895, at 10 O'clock A. M.,

In front of the north door of the court house, in the city of Prescott, Yavapai county, Arizona, I will in obedience to the said order of sale and decree of foreclosure, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy plaintiff's judgment, with interest there